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VOL. LVIII.

No. III.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

CONDUCTED

BY THE

Students of Yale University.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudesque VALENSIS
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unanimique PATRES."

DECEMBER, 1892.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.—Conducted by the Students of Yale University. This Magazine established February, 1836, is the oldest college periodical in America; entering upon its Fifty-eighth Volume with the number for October, 1892. It is published by a board of Editors, annually chosen from each successive Senior Class. It thus may be fairly said to represent in its general articles the average literary culture of the university. In the *Notabilia* college topics are thoroughly discussed, and in the *Memorabilia* it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of college life; while in the *Book Notices* and *Editors' Table*, contemporary publications and exchanges receive careful attention.

Contributions to its pages are earnestly solicited from students of all departments, and may be sent through the Post Office. They are due the 1st of the month. If rejected, they will be returned to their writers, whose names will not be known outside the Editorial Board. A Gold Medal of the value of Twenty-five Dollars, for the best written Essay, is offered for the competition of all undergraduate subscribers, at the beginning of each academic year.

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

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DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 3

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '93.

WINTHROP E. DWIGHT.

JOHN H. FIELD.

FRANCIS PARSONS.

RICHARD C. W. WADSWORTH.

LEMUEL A. WELLES.

COLLEGE IDOLS AND IDEALS.

FOR those who share in the making of history, it is always difficult to see, even indistinctly, the tendencies of the period in which they move. And for us who are at Yale and are the present makers of her history the question is extraordinarily perplexing; for the period seems marked by changes far more rapid and sweeping than the usually slow and conservative movement of college ideas has hitherto shown. The changed spirit is no longer manifested merely in the passing of the old-time hazing and kindred customs, which, save for isolated cases of reversion, have long since vanished from the observation of everyone except certain witty but misinformed newspaper paragraphs. We have not simply taken the initial steps which mark the transition from the boyish to the manly spirit—these have been history for a decade—but more than this, we are becoming worldly, and worldly, too, in the best sense; for while it is true that college brains and training do much to influence the thought of the outside world, it is no less certain that these qualities are shaping themselves more and more to

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the needs of practical affairs. To the college-bred man the shock of the plunge he takes after graduation is manifestly less severe than formerly ; while the College and the world are coming to understand that their relations, so far from being antagonistic, are in the truest sense mutually dependent.

Nevertheless, graduates of years' standing come back and tell us we are not in touch with the world ; that they on the outside cannot comprehend the motives which guide the undergraduate in his actions ; that these motives are foreign to the world's idea of the manner in which we should live and act ; and that with the world for a long time safe from the dangers of complete conversion to college ideas the awakening of the newly-fledged graduates is likely to be a sad one.

In our sports, most of all, the popular idea of the college-bred man is formed, and so, at this time, when our representatives occupy so large a space in that mirror of the public mind, the newspapers, we hear much of this kind of admonition ; and we should heed it, for we must confess that of late, and in certain lines, we have outgrown ourselves and invited criticism. Take the example that the past few weeks has furnished us ; we cannot deny that intercollegiate football, as now carried on, is far too important a branch of our curriculum ; it is only a part of our athletic system, yet it serves to show the tendency of the whole ; what was primarily for the pleasure and benefit of a great number is to-day hard, scientific work and solely for the few. We consider a champion team a necessity ; no one thinks to ask whether the mass of the men in the University are strengthened to serve the world better because eleven of them stand before the country as having reached the highest degree of perfection in running and dodging. We have made athletics a business ; few think how outsiders look upon the spectacle of men, supposedly of especial brain-power and ostensibly engaged in the cultivation of it, appearing publicly in an exhibition which, for all its fashionable gathering of spectators and its ever-increasing importance

in the newspapers, is in the mere physical and mental act on no higher plane than that of a match between Sullivan and Corbett. And yet all this is forgiven, forgotten, in the effort to give to our friends the enemy the small side of the score at Springfield!

We must admit, then, that the system of athletics which has grown up among us contains two radical defects—it has established a standard so high as to bar the average man from participation in it and to leave him pulling chest-weights in a gymnasium; and it makes the athlete a man who exhibits himself not merely as an indirect recipient of gate money, but as one who, though educated, is gaining public attention not through any excellence of his mental training and skill, but by what has been well called the glorification of brute strength; not but that full justice must be done to the skillful generalship and machine-like precision in action; with all this, and more, the ideal is still physical rather than intellectual.

Besides these two evils, a third effect presents itself. Both in our eyes and in his own, the athletic standard tends to obscure any judgment of the man himself. Prominence in athletics too often serves to gloss over certain poor qualities or to excuse the lack of good ones. Merely through his physical ability to run in record time or follow interference for forty yards around the end, a man is privileged to be judged on another standard than that by which his fellows abide; he is exempted, set on a higher plane, idolized. But in this condition the athlete is simply the resultant of well defined social forces. Not himself, but the community is to blame for his false position; for these college years in which we live, if they have any significant movement within them, are surely marked by the tendency toward raising up idols among us. If with the right foundation, this would be a most valuable stimulus to ambition in others, but it is based on a fictitious valuation; for what one of the athletic leaders of the past generation has made himself more useful to the world and to himself solely through his knowledge of athletics? He has, almost uniformly,

succeeded in proportion as he has gained the mental training for which he came.

The near-sighted, one-sided, many-cornered grind is hardly further from the ideal than the graduate of a purely athletic course. We want here a standard, an ideal, which will not force a man to instance physical disability as the sole hindrance to his gaining a position in athletics; which will not teach a man in his early years that the *Φ. B. K.* key is a badge of ridicule; which will not make a man ashamed to acknowledge that in his college life he is setting before himself and the world, as his main endeavor, the accomplishment of the purpose whereunto he was sent.

Richard C. W. Wadsworth.

A SONNET.

The summer's corn in graceful sway
 Bowed deep and low from its stately height
 With fluttering ribbons richly dight,
 Tossed about in the breezes' play,
 Resplendent pageant, glad and gay.
 This mighty host with tossing crest
 And bristling spear in banner drest
 Marshalled in Triumph's bright array.

The Autumn wind through fettered rank,
 Stirring its streamers dimmed and frayed,
 Chanted a dirge with stifled moan
 And sighing far in the distance sank,
 For the harvest sickle's fateful blade,
 Like Father Time's, had claimed its own.

Thos. Frederick Davies, Jr.

THE JANUS OF THE FRENCH LITERARY
CYCLE.

THE election of Pierre Loti to a place amongst the Forty Immortals was not so much a triumph for Loti as a backhanded blow at Zola and his principles. If the figure is pardonable, the ship of progressive morality had sailed, stealthily, into cleaner seas, and M. Zola had, all unwittingly, fallen overboard. A few admirers raised a cry of alarm and would doubtless have essayed to rescue M. Zola, but he was in familiar waters and satisfied to swim about until the waves should wash him silently into their shadows and oblivion.

Zola had been looking to the age that was dead—an age which, with all its wisdom and eloquent drollery, had died to furnish a fertilizer for the age that was to come. The main current of Romanticism continued to flow as tranquilly as if nothing had happened,—save, perhaps, the drying-up of an impure tributary. But this was no sudden revolution, for the causes of it may be traced in an unbroken series to a period more remote than the reign of King Francis I, “Father of Letters and Arts.”

In the sixteenth century Frenchmen were still struggling under the inherited incubus of ignorance and moral pollution. Jongleur and trouvère had long since ceased to sing, and high-born lady and gentleman began to seek culture or diversion in the endless pedantry and studied immorality so characteristic of the early days of the Renaissance. Few could read, though many listened. Thus the writer was a despot, and popular criticism was an unknown force.

The modern age begins with Ronsard and Rabelais,—that is, with elegant imitation and witty indecency. Rabelais set his goddess—or, more accurately, his patron saint—upon a golden pedestal, and covered her with a sparkling veil. His goddess is License; the veil is Mirth.

Zola idolizes nature, but his idol is false and its attributes are life's sordid realities. The devotees of Zola's

shrine make Naturalism their religion. They would analyse every emotion of the human heart. For them there is no Great Unknown. Like an all-wise anatomist, Zola would endeavor to feel every throb in the pulse of humanity. No detail, however loathsome,—provided it may contribute to a complete understanding of base nature—is suffered, even for Art's sake, to pass unnoticed. "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*" becomes a superfluous truism. Zola mentions the unmentionable.

He is immoral, and the new age discards him. New men and new principles had made an irresistible appeal to the deities of French art; and the Academy,—that is, the learning and taste of France,—favored the appeal so unanimously that "Great Olympus shook." As the god Janus had two heads, one looking to the past, the other to the future, so Loti and Zola stand back to back, and Loti looks toward the new era.

But Pierre Loti is not merely the champion of a renewed morality. He represents a new literature whose canons are purity, brevity, beauty, and whose field is the world. People have grown tired of the long-winded novel of past days. The slang expression "hustle" is as indicative a sign of the times as the stage coach is expressive of the spirit of half a century ago. The greater part of us try to live two lives in one, and, sadly enough, the mass of the people are buried in their newspapers and short stories while the educated minority continues to read its old-fashioned novels. The practical man perseveres in the chase of his *ignis fatuus* and credits himself with being well up to the times. But, after all, the gayly caparisoned horses, the Becky Sharps, the Jeanie Deans, and the other fascinating beings of the effete literature, will still have a charm of romance for those who worship the old gods as well as the new.

Richard Thayer Holbrook.

CARPE DIEM.

Let us be merry to-day, Love ;
 To-morrow—who can tell?—
 A shadow may cross our way, Love,
 A shadow cold and fell :
 So let us be glad while we may, Love,
 Be glad while all is well.

I've fears for the dark to-morrow,
 To-day we know is bright ;
 I shudder to think that sorrow
 May steal upon us to-night :
 Then let us for merriment borrow
 The last few hours of light.

Oh, the evening-star is rising,
 The sun is sinking low !
 Come, no more of thought and advising—
 See ! away the day doth go,
 Like a child that fears chastising ;
 What will follow we cannot know.

Luther H. Tucker, Jr.

 CHILDREN OF A LARGER GROWTH.

THE late Minister to the Court of St. James is being entertained at a very select gathering. His brother the Great Banker is here too. Doctor is here: so is Lawyer. Bishop sits on the right of the late Minister, Merchant on the left.

Lawyer and Doctor are conversing. Lawyer is a small, wiry man with great breadth of forehead, small, sharp eyes and long tapering fingers that play nervously with his wine glass. What does Doctor think of recent election? After a searching survey of the decanter in front of him, Doctor thinks it was very satisfactory—yes, *very*—but a little too much “*machine*” and “*bossism*” in it. Rather alarming in fact. Lawyer agrees, quite. After a pause, what does Lawyer think of our late Minister?

Fine looking man, isn't he? Lawyer looks down the table to the head where sits the late Minister. The white cloth, the glistening silver, the sparkling glass, the rows of shining shirt-fronts, all go to his heart and he sips his wine with the air of one who takes pride—*just* pride—in being in such good company. Yes! fine looking man. A little-er-puffed up, perhaps? Lawyer doesn't like to seem fault finding but it had struck him that it was so. Doctor thinks,—perhaps,—perhaps.

Late Minister wants to know what Bishop thinks of the recent Ecumenical Council at Rome? Bishop is large, stout and deliberate. Bishop thinks—very deliberately—it was—well. Bishop doesn't know exactly how to express it but in *his* opinion it was a little revolutionary—yes, revolutionary. Merchant is surprised, for Bishop is of such a progressive nature! Bishop thinks, yes—but temperance in all things, temperance in all things, my dear Sir. Bishop always advances his opinion slowly, conclusively and with much the same air of superiority as characterized papal arbitration between mediaeval kings. Merchant would like to know if late Minister is acquainted with My Lord Pembroke of Pembroke? Yes? Very pleasing man, isn't he? Fine place, fine horses, fine —. No? late Minister has never visited him? Too bad, too bad. Merchant has spent many an enjoyable evening with him. *Charming* wife, he has, charming!

Host rises at the other end of the table and after a short speech—very witty speech, Lawyer thinks; Doctor agrees wholly—thinks that everyone would be delighted to hear from late Minister. The little hum that follows this dies out around the table and late Minister rises slowly. He is sure it is a great honor to be permitted to speak to the company. Lawyer smiles and thinks it is. Late Minister has dined at times where every place was My Lord's or His Honor's and *one* His Royal Highness's but *here* every place is His Majesty's—His American Majesty's—and the honor is so much greater. Everyone applauds. Lawyer smiles at Doctor who thinks it was very good—very good indeed. Bishop smiles with papal

superiority. Late Minister remembers very well talking at one time with My Lord of Terry, when his government was in,—Lawyer smiles slightly—who said that he considered it a great honor—perhaps the *greatest* honor—to be an American citizen. He pauses for everyone to go a little farther with the idea and apply it to the *representative* of all American citizens, which everybody does. It is very gratifying to see that he is appreciated.

After Late Minister has finished, Host rises again and, after another short speech—very witty speech, Lawyer thinks again. Again Doctor agrees wholly—calls on Editor. This honor is wholly unexpected by Editor who has come only to look modestly on. He pauses for a moment and knocks the ashes off of his cigar.

* * * * *

Later in the evening the two brothers were standing together, looking out of the window. One had his hand on the other's shoulder and there was something loving in their manner toward each other. Difference of pursuit had led them apart in life and they had not seen each other for many years.

Outside it was snowing. The roofs of the buildings were white and the lights glistened on the flakes, newly-fallen on the ground. There was no wind and the snow fell slowly and softly, gradually effacing the tracks of feet and wheels. The very last of the Christmas shopping was being done and now and then someone, heavily loaded with bundles, would hurry out of a shop and homeward. Presently the two men turned away and sat down before a fire that burned cheerfully on the hearth. The blaze leapt high up into the blackness of the chimney and now and then great showers of sparks deluged the hearth. They sat silent for a long time, watching the fire and occasionally the one glancing at the other with a happy smile. Presently the Late Minister said:

“Christmas isn't what it used to be for us, is it, Bob?”

The other shook his head while the smile on his face took on a little sadness. Neither said anything for awhile. Then the Banker, a little embarrassed, said:

"Say, Will, do you ever-er —." He pushed a glowing coal across the hearth with his foot.

"Do you ever-er-hang your stocking up now?"

The other leaned back and laughed.

"No, Bob," he said, "I haven't done it for a long, long time."

"Sometimes," said his brother, "I think I'd like to, just for the sake of the old times. The old times you know, when we used to hang them, all of us, in Mother's room. Do you remember how old Frank used to come up early in the morning and poke his grinning face in the door and shout "Chris'mus Gift! Miss Carrie; Chris'mus Gift! Mars' Will." Poor old boy, I guess he's dead and gone now." "Yes" said the other, and both looked into the blaze again. Presently the one said,

"Yes, Bob, sometimes on Christmas Eve, I do feel as if I'd like to, just as you say; just for the sake of the old times."

The fire was quieter now and burned steadily. Neither spoke nor looked at the other but both into the fire and their hearts were full, for they were nearer "the old times" than they had been for a long, long time. Then the older one broke the silence and his voice was unsteady, as he said,

"And, Bob, last Christmas Eve, I sat by myself and I got to thinking about our Mother"—His voice broke and it was a minute or two before he went on.

"—Our Mother, Bob, who is in Heaven—and just before I went to bed, I knelt down—I couldn't help it—and, almost before I knew it my lips had said,

"Now I lay me down to sleep"—

He could not go on, but looked long into the fire. Presently he looked at his brother, then leaned over and put his arm around his neck and said, in a trembling voice

"God bless her, Bob."

And the other, sobbing like a child, repeated "God bless her, God bless her."

Lafon Allen.

FRIENDSHIP.

It was a harp of olden time,
 None knew the secret of its strings ;
 A world of melody divine
 Men pass'd, intent on other things,—
 Until there came a harper gray,
 Whose soul was wrapt in mystery,
 And 'neath whose sympathetic sway
 All discord chang'd to harmony.

What power, my friend, is this, divine,
 Which we but feel, that gently came
 And link'd thy dissonant heart with mine,
 In one inspiring, heavenly strain ?
 Who is that harper calmly stealing
 Across our lives, harsh though they be,
 And with a magic art revealing
 New worlds and thoughts for you and me ?

Burton J. Hendrick



THE REFORMS OF JOSEPH ADDISON.

IT has been said that Addison's morality was "a sort of common-sense applied to the interests of the soul," and that he "rested his faith on a regular succession of historical discussions," but no one who reads his sacred verses can doubt for an instant the purity and sincerity, at least, of his religion. Thackeray can hardly fancy "when this man looks from the earth, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the Heaven which shines over us all, a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture; a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. When he turns to Heaven a Sabbath comes over that man's mind." In everything about him he saw the great Creator of all in whose infinite goodness he had the firmest faith and for whose blessings he was always profoundly thankful. And with this deep religious feeling he had a wonderful

peace and good-will toward men. The troubles and anxieties of his life were by no means few, yet among them all he was calm and serene, like

" A man that Fortune's buffets and rewards
Has ta'en with equal thanks."

It was not, however, so much this religious feeling itself that fitted Addison so peculiarly for what work he did as a reformer of men's minds, as the fact that with all this morality he never went to extremes. While he had no share in the refined vulgarity of the courtiers, he was no long-faced, black-clothed Puritan who saw nothing but a snare in beauty and whose only intellectual pleasures lay in sermons. He was a man of the world, who had traveled and studied men and things as well as books, and it necessarily followed from his character of mind and from his education that he could see the follies of each of the two great sects into which the England of the time was divided. The reaction against the hard Round-head government together with the Restoration had formed a party of society and of the Court whose creed was as far as possible removed from that of the sturdy but narrow supporters of the Long Parliament. But the wave of reaction swept too far, and the evils of license soon took the place of power instead of the evils of fanatic government, while the remnants of the Puritan faction, not yet crushed, continued to carp at the vices of the Court, with the only effect of increasing the popularity of loose morals and profligacy. It was into the breach between these two parties that Addison stepped with the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

There are two kinds of reformers—the traditional reformers, men who fight against public opinion and who can see nothing good in the present state of things. These men overreach themselves, and their violence repels those whose adherence is most needed. Of this stamp, in a low grade of course, are the Hyde Park orators and those who harangue mobs in Trafalgar Square. The other class is composed of men who understand hu-

man nature better than their brothers, who do not begin with violent measures, and who see that to call men fools and dupes is no way to improve them. Instead of struggling against the current, they turn it gradually aside, and before it is realized the river is flowing in a new channel.

Of this latter sort was Joseph Addison. He was essentially a refined gentleman. He possessed delicate tact and taste to a remarkable degree. Surely no one was more unlike the conventional reformer than this man, and it was probably for this reason that he succeeded so well. He understood that social reforms could never be brought about by sledge-hammer blows. He saw clearly where Jeremy Collier had failed. He knew that invectives appealing to only the sober and thoughtful part of a nation would never be effective; he must appeal to all, and especially to those upper classes from which the great mass of the people took their cue. When he sent over from Ireland to his friend Steele his first contribution to the *Tatler* he certainly did not know the full extent of his ability. The idea of the paper pleased him and Steele had asked him to contribute. But this novel kind of literature was the best possible vehicle for Addison's rather peculiar genius, and it was in this primitive journalism that his power told to the best account. In the *Tatler* and *Spectator* he "made morality fashionable" and effected the work of a great reformer.

The *Tatler* soon grew popular, and before it was followed by the *Spectator* success was assured. The papers not only became popular but fashionable—ladies read them over their late breakfasts and came to regard them as part "of the tea-equipage;" powdered and ruffled beaux read them in their sedan-chairs between visits. They were clear, easy to read and understand, and they were most interesting. Two chief factors in their success were that they were neither partisan or personal. There was satire and ridicule, but directed against classes and types, not against individuals. The people felt the satire though it was never biting or fierce. The refined, half-

concealed humor was very delightful. Men began to see their follies and weaknesses as they never saw them before, and they began to understand that one could be upright without being a Puritan and that one could enjoy himself without being a profligate. Neither party was spared the gentle lash—the sullenness of the Puritan was laughed at and fashionable libertinism was shown to be foolish and senseless as well as vicious. “So effectually,” says Macaulay, “did Addison retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue, that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered among us as the mark of a fool.” It came over the “wit” and the Puritan alike with the force of a revelation that they could occupy a great deal of ground in common.

Surely a writer could set himself no harder task than to create an honest and upright “public opinion,” yet as far as any man can succeed in this Addison succeeded, and with such a kindly and gentle voice did he preach and chide that a social revolution had taken place before men knew it. They did not see that he was a reformer in those days and in this fact lay in a great measure the secret of his success.

He displayed his taste in not limiting himself to attacks upon the great social questions, but in taking note of the little things, that after all, when taken together, make up such a great bundle. To-day we can laugh with Mr. Spectator at Clarissa’s vanity in her patches, or at the tremendous size of Sempronia’s hoops as she alights from her chariot to shop in the Strand. The *Spectator* brings vividly before our Nineteenth Century eyes the streets and drawing-rooms and coffee-houses of old London in the days when wits and beaux were in fashion and Queen Anne ruled at Hampton Court. The men and women in these pages are alive. We can easily imagine Mr. Spectator himself walking up and down on ‘Change or later in the day strolling down Fleet street to his pipe and company of friends at Button’s or Will’s. They must have looked for him eagerly at these haunts of his, for

though he was silent in much company, among his own familiar friends he threw aside his reserve and became the most delightful of companions. "I have often reflected," says Steele, "after a night spent with him, apart from all the world, that I had had the pleasure of conversing with an intimate acquaintance of Terence and Catullus, who had all their wit and nature heightened with humour, more exquisite and delightful than any other man ever possessed." And even Pope is constrained to admit that "his conversation had something in it more charming than I have found in any other man."

Francis Parsons.

WORDSWORTH.

Not for a kindred reason thee we praise
 With those who in their minstrelsy are lords
 Of elfin pipe and witchery of words,
 Masters of life who thread its tangled maze
 And on strange comers turn their curious gaze,
 Nor those who delve for jewels in the hoards
 Of old philosophies, of love's soft ways
 Sing variously, or chant of clashing swords,
 Rather for sympathy with the secret laws
 Which are themselves but sympathies, that the worn
 Find here a "still Saint Mary's Lake," because
 "The world is too much with us" and through thee
 "Old Triton" sometimes blows on "wreathed horn"
 A fitful note, clear from infinity.

Arthur W. Colton.

THE SONGS OF THE WANDERING STUDENTS.

WHEN searching the pages of musty chronicles, defamed and soiled by habitual disuse, how startling the voices from a distant epoch that find echo in the life around us! Peering into the uncertain half-light of the Dark Ages, our notions of which are apt to be so ill-conceived, we are confounded at its revelations of character. For we learn that men lived and felt very much as men do now. They had serious aims, as well as a carelessness of moral duties; refined self-culture, as well as a base servility to passion. There was hard work, too, as well as a consecration of man to pleasure as his ultimate object of existence. We see life—but in antique make-up.

Such revelations come to us when we read the songs of the "Wandering Students," that guild of young men that arose in the Middle Ages, who, roaming from university to university, in search of knowledge, led a wild, free life of vagabondage. "The scholars," wrote a Froidmontine monk of the Twelfth century, "are wont to roam around the world and visit all its cities, till much learning makes them mad; for in Paris they seek liberal arts, in Orleans authors, at Salerno gallipots, at Toledo demons, and in no place decent manners."

But who these "Wandering Students" were is a matter of comparatively trifling importance. To know how they lived and what they sang is more essential. Their songs, composed for the most part by cultivated men, savor little of scholasticism but are distinctively popular. They declare not one man's feeling, but a thousand.—Where were they born? Perhaps on the shore of some blue Italian lake, beneath spreading pines and olive trees, with the snow-capped Apennines rising in the distance. There soft winds are blowing, laden with myrrh and spice, and the meadows are pink and gold with the buttercup and ragged robin. Or, again, in Germany, where the linden offered its grateful shade to the itinerant gowman as he

lay, on summer days, dreaming of love and the wine cup. But what matter to the singer! Once created they were scattered abroad, like seeds upon the wind, and sprang up, wherever they chanced to fall. They became the property of him who was willing to don the insignia of the order and tramp abroad, as the author had tramped,—anywhere under the free air of heaven. For,

“This our sect doth entertain,
Just men and unjust ones;
Halt, lame, weak of limb or brain,
Strong men and robust ones.”

They tell of vagabond existence; of golden goblets full of honey-laden wine; of springtime and of love. But it is a pagan love. That of Lancelot for Guinevere is completely foreign to their spirit. The Tuscan *damo* sings his simple love song—passionate, but tender, seated on summer evenings beneath the window of his *madonna*. The Provençal troubadour sings of noble ladies. The wandering scholar sits in a dingy pot-house, surrounded by his companions, and sings of rustic maidens; while the wine goes round, the dice rattle in the boxes, and merriment is concluded only at the bottom of the quart pot.

Winter has few charms for the vagabond student. His habits are vagrant. He seeks love adventure in the woodland depths or as he rolls off down the open road, singing with provoking recklessness,—

“Take the pastime that is due
While we're yet a Maying;
I am young and young are you:
’Tis the time for playing.”

It is when fields are laughing, when the pregnant earth makes “the wild woods grow green again,” that he begs men to shake off old sadness. Winter’s rage is over, and

“Cytherea bids the young be gay.”

These songs have novelty and literary charm, but are not altogether pleasing as a product of mediæval art. Of patriotism, of virtue and domestic piety there is none.

All the enthusiasm of the Crusades finds no expression here. One lament for Cœur de Lion, one song to Saladin, and the heroic spirit dies away.

But, without noble feeling, some are realistically beautiful. They are spontaneous, careless, and hence natural. They have at times all the grotesqueness of mediæval architecture. There are outpourings of feeling, soiled, it is true, by a bold openness of speech, but with a wealth of imagery that belongs to true poetry. The tenderness is only half real; the spirit has not the purity of the truly romantic. But the touch on nature is delicate.

“ Now the summer days are blooming,
And the flowers their chalice lamps for love illuming.”

• And, speaking of spring,

“ On his fair brow in a ring
Bloom empurpled roses.”

These songs are preliminary to those of the Renaissance and stand alone in a mutable period, wavering between good and evil, advance and retrogression.

Ralph Reed Lounsbury.

DECEMBER.

The dotard year gropes toward the close
Of his brief life, and fain would bind
Fond eyes with folds of swirling snows—
Make merry at our Hoodman-Blind.

I laugh to scorn the wrathful skies—
Grim Roysterer, thy jest is vain;
Blind Love, who hath no need of eyes,
Shall lead me to the light again.

Richard H. Worthington.

NOTABILIA.

THE manifestly unjust state of affairs under which Yale has labored in the matter of foot-ball makes the recent victories all the more honorable. But it is perfectly apparent that such a condition of things ought not to continue another year. In the heat of the moment and in the perfectly natural disgust caused here by the behavior of one of our rivals, the first thing that occurs to one's mind as a remedy is to give up the Springfield game, though it is by far the pleasantest game of the two in its surroundings and in the crowd that attends it, and confine our foot-ball to the contest with the university that has of late treated us fairly and justly. We would certainly be doing our share if we rowed Harvard and played foot-ball with Princeton. From one standpoint this would be best and from another it would not, and on the whole the arguments from the latter position are the strongest. The matter will probably result in each of the three universities playing two games.

We flatter ourselves here that we have learned how to bear defeat, when we meet with it, as well as to bear victory, which is generally harder. Perhaps it is for this reason that our greatest rival howling over her defeat appears in such a weak, unchivalrous and childish light, very much as she did two years ago when howling over her victory. It is not intended, nor is it necessary, to bring up the arguments, already old, about the Springfield game. But as advocates of a more frank and open spirit in contests between the great universities we would earnestly reprehend such endeavors as this, to "crawl" out of a defeat and to carp at and disparage a victor who has fairly won. We have an idea that it is a far more manly and dignified thing when one is beaten to own it, and such exhibitions as we have seen lately do nothing except make one disgusted with college athletics.

The writer understands very well that this is perhaps somewhat emphatic language for St. Elihu and admits that when he sees this in print he may possibly think it

would have been better to have used milder terms. But at present he is quite sure that he will not.

* * *

The Yale Union is growing important again as another debate with Harvard approaches, and this importance is increased by the acceptance of a challenge from Princeton. The Union is as yet somewhat of an experiment, but a fair field is opening before it if its advantages are rightly used and appreciated. Thus far it has sprung into life at the time of the public debates and has been somewhat neglected at other times. Spasmodic efforts will never bring the organization to the standard attainable. The Union is capable of becoming a very powerful and very influential body, but before it can reach this criterion, college "public opinion" must come to regard the art of the orator as it did in the days of Linonia and Brothers, or as it always has at Oxford and Cambridge—in other words, the good speaker must become one of the college ideals. In these days our athletic ideals have the highest place, and, admirable as they are, they have crushed out many that from another point of view are just as admirable and the cultivation of which would prove more valuable in after life. The art of good public speaking is eminently a gentlemanly and honorable art and should appeal particularly to college men. And almost any college man can train himself to speak well if he wishes to. "You must be a good speaker," Chesterfield writes to his son. "I use the word *must* because I know you can if you will. . . . I call that man an orator, who reasons justly, and expresses himself elegantly upon whatever subject he treats." This surely is an ideal worth striving for.

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Contributions for the January LIT. are due at 126 College street on or before January first.

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The Editorial Rooms are open on the Monday after publication from half-past one till three in the afternoon. The Editors can then be consulted and rejected contributions can be obtained.

PORTFOLIO.

O'er cloud-wrapt summits trips a maid
 As fickle as the weather.
 Her silver locks the firmest braid
 Ne'er yet could bind together.

Long ere the sun has climbed above
 The mountain heights confining,
 The night wind woos her with a love
 That finds her oft repining.

You've heard perhaps her tender sighs
 A-down the wind come stealing,
 You've seen perhaps her starry eyes
 A glimpse of heav'n revealing.

Alas! the sun with burning ray
 Steals kisses without measure
 And, might triumphant, bears away
 The night wind's faithless treasure.

Far, far away beyond the sun
 This maiden hides in wonder,
 But when the glowing day is done
 Night bursts her bonds asunder.

She comes, she comes this maiden fair,
 Maid of the mist entrancing.
 The night wind tosses wild her hair
 In joy at her advancing.

Be kind I pray, Ah! fickle maid,
 May we escape thy meshes.
 Let not the sun be oft delayed
 Entrapped in thy cool tresses.

J. H. F.

—College writers and poets of a century who have given us their thoughts of Yale and her campus, have invariably dwelt upon the glory of the elms. We have seen them as they are when first putting forth their leaves and telling us that the springtime is at hand, that season dear to the undergraduate heart, of sitting on the fence and campus base ball games; we have seen them in the June moonlight, covering the roofs of the old brick row with a delicate network of light and shadow, or when the February rain has frozen on the branches and the sun afterward flashes from the icy twigs. Familiar, too, is

their aspect on the day when we return for the new year to renew acquaintances beneath their shadow and go on with the work we left in June.

But there is another time when the old trees have a peculiar interest for us—when we wake up to a sudden and new appreciation of their grandeur. It is the day when we see them for the first time in the year covered with the snow. Yesterday we beheld them stretching out their bare old arms under a grey November sky in Spartan defiance to the cold, or slowly swaying before the wind; to-day they are comfortably shrouded in a soft white mantle. Their interlacing branches have a lazy look through the white blurr that is slowly descending everywhere over the campus. They seem to say "Come, Winter is here and you didn't know it!" and you realize that football and campaign excitement are over and the college is about to settle down to a routine of quiet work for awhile. The red fire which lit up their sturdy columns but yesterday and peopled the dark region of their branches with weird and fantastic shapes has died away, and with it the enthusiastic but sometimes discordant cheers of triumph that echoed along their arches. They are very staid and respectable now, and look down comfortably upon the dark figure yonder, who is plodding his way along to an early breakfast—the first to disturb the smooth surface below.

A. J.

—"I reckon it's always been thar," a Tuckahoe will tell you, should you question him. The old mill stands a crumbling monument to the memory of the brave pioneers who followed the example of Daniel Boone and struck westward to make their homes in the wilderness.

High on either side rise the mighty mountain walls, dark blue in the shadow on the one side, shifting shades of green in the sunlight on the other, ever changing with the stray breezes wandering up and down over the tree-tops. Only the whirring bark of a red squirrel, near by, or the cawing of a pair of crows far up among the pines, breaks the monotony of the plashing and gurgling of the water as it falls through the crevices in the ruined dam. The thick laurel almost hides the gray logs of the mill, and the lower branches of a big oak arch close above the sagging ridgepole and the curling shingles. The water-wheel has broken from its axle and lies half sunk

in the stream, half leaning against the side of the mill ; in its dark transparent shadow lurk the motionless, watchful trout, ready to vanish in a few puffs of yellow mud at a motion of the hand. The moss-grown mill stones lie on the brink of the stream where they must have rolled long years ago, after breaking through the rotten flooring. The thick loop-holed shutters hang all awry from the warped window frames ; within are the glimpses of great wooden cogwheels and other primitive machinery, all covered with cobwebs. The door on the opposite side is closed and fastened with a thickly rusted padlock. No mountain outlaw, straying down the tumbling course of White Oak Run with fish-spear or rifle has ever cared to force the door. Why should we ?

L. D.

—One of the commonest complaints of modern literature is that it lacks the true poetic spirit. We have had, it is admitted, great masters of poetry, but among the new generation there are none who can fill the places left by Browning, Tennyson or Lowell. Our literature as a whole tends to become hopelessly prosaic, and some have been pessimistic enough to predict that the gift of song will become a lost art. How can we account for this? Our scientific spirit, the great inventions of the day may have destroyed much of the romance of life, but there must be some reason greater than these to bring about such a result. It would be hard to attribute it to any one cause, but the decay of superstition surely is an important factor in the decline of poetry. We have become so highly educated that we have no ignorant fancies as the Greeks and Romans had before us. We never see satyrs sitting by the river banks in the summer moon playing to the birds on a reed. As we walk through the forest we never see those lovely guardians of the trees, the Dryads. The sea gods do not calm the ocean. Neptune does not cause the high tides, for we know that the moon, no Diana, but a cold planet does that. We smile at it all, yet these superstitions have given to the world a large part of its poetry. If we come nearer our own time we see what superstition has created in the great poem of the *Nibelungen Lied*, the ballads of goblins and elves, the wild huntsmen of the German forests. How much our poets have drawn from these beliefs! Spencer, Keats, Tennyson and many others have received inspiration from this humble

source. In our day superstition is dead, or nearly so, for it descends to such trifles as a broken mirror or an overturned salt cellar. We cannot always go back to the superstitions of the past, for they would become mere conventionalities, and so we are left without these fancies. It certainly would not be well to return to ignorance, but though our ancestors had not our wisdom, they gave much of our poetry, and it is to be feared that our age will give no "Lamia" to a Keats, or a tale of King Arthur to some distant Tennyson.

E. B. R.

—There are still a few places in New England where modern civilization in the guise of iron rails and sleek hotel clerks, has not driven out the old stage coach and, "Ye Landlord of Ye Inne." One of these is but two miles from the railroad and not ten from a large city renowned for its culture.

Arrived at the station we bid farewell to the present with the puffing locomotive and drive back some eighty or a hundred years into the past on a swaying, weather-scarred coach. In imagination the driver's tattered headgear is metamorphosed into a cocked hat, and as we hurry towards the hills he talks of the Embargo Act instead of the Force Bill. We pass square white houses, decorated with colonial columns, which appear teeming with life of bygone days. A groom in corduroy holding his master's horse before the door of one, should be dressed in top-boots, blue coat and cockade, and the maid servant in the window wear the short skirt and apron of a hundred years ago. A buggy driving by is mistaken for a chaise. Before the only store a knot of villagers should be gathered and possibly more before the white church and its neighboring burial ground, over the gate of which is the legend, "Memento Mori" —, but where are they?

We turn a corner and drive up to the inn, nestling beneath a huge leafless elm. The bustling landlord meets us at the door and conducts us within, questioning us the while about our drive. There in the back room, an old colonial grandee should be smoking in the high-backed, cane-seated chair, and toasting his feet before the fire, or writing at the green leather-covered table. Surely there is one leaning on the mantel, now looking down upon the crane and kettle in the blaze, now handling the little primitive pewter lamps and asking the time of the broken mahogany clock. A farm hand has just come

into the room and smokes his pipe comfortably in that cane-seated chair before the fire, and the man leaning on the mantel is — the bell boy.

G. F. D. JR.

—We hear much talk now-a-days about the shallowness of our modern life. Nineteenth century cynicism is ever referring to the “good old times” and would, doubtless, like to satiate itself with stage-coaches and the spinning-wheels of our grandmothers, could it worm itself back into its beloved past. What is safe from its clutches? Art, literature, our forced humor and affected manners have been successively attacked, until we sometimes wonder if the times be not altogether out of joint. But is it not true that the superficiality of our modern life does lead us to overlook much that ought to be our most cherished inheritance? How gladly, for example, ought we to welcome that true specimen of the gentleman of the old school, whose patterns are so high that he seems to make his own fashions, hour by hour, by living in a clear and clean loyalty to himself. That sort of gentleman whose qualities, not so well expressed by our modern word as by the “gentillesse” of Chaucer, were seen in the knightly figure of Sidney or in the splendid ingenuousness of Fox, yet when we meet him,—this rare old-fashioned gentleman, we admire his figured waistcoat and large neck-cloth with a sort of sentimental interest, but fancy he must be altogether narrow, because the offspring of another day. So we dismiss him from our notice and turn again to our æsthetic life, drawing a long breath of satisfaction, that heaven has preserved us from such “fogyism”; careless of the natural chivalry that lies beneath the old-fashioned garments. But if we were better able to appreciate those manners that are real and native to a man, how refreshing it would be to pass our time in the company of one of these heroes! For they are of the old *noblesse*,—the natural aristocracy.

Then does it seem absurd to say that our superficial age, which is as hurried in its estimates as in everything else, sometimes leaves the real man quite out of its calculations? Indeed, all the Sir Calidores and Sir Tristrams are not dead. “There is still ever some admirable person in plain clothes, standing on the wharf, who jumps in to rescue a drowning man; some fanatic who plants shade-trees for the second and third generation.”

R. R. L.

—He was a nice old gentleman, good natured and like all Germans easily affected. He would sit during an opera with his eyes fixed on a certain point in the ceiling, listening to music which he claimed to have heard some hundred times, never failing to show the proper emotion at the proper place. His figure, which assured one of an ability to judge of beer and the other articles of a German diet, gave him a certain portliness common to his countrymen, while his face bore an expression of utter disregard to anything happening outside of a yard's range. As he walked down the street, moving his cane in a jerky manner peculiar to himself, he was a good picture of that easy going, self-satisfied character, the German gentleman.

The work of this interesting individual, if it may be called work, consisted of going to market in the morning before the rest of the family were up, and of enduring with the aid of his pipe whatever sorrows this evil life might prepare for him. Partly on account of his early rising, but mostly on account of a habit, inherited from a long line of ancestors, our old gentleman always showed signs of sleepiness soon after the noonday meal. Retiring to a little room in the garret, his only retreat from family cares and interruptions, he did not again appear until time for his afternoon cup of coffee. Then going down into the garden which owed its name principally to the unselfishness of the neighboring yards, he would wait for supper, looking into space or reading the latest news received by the town paper.

So many years had gone by since our friend had begun to notice things, that the world was beginning to wear an almost too familiar look to his somewhat dimmed eyes. Even fête days and holidays were now unnoticed, for so many are the German celebrations and so many had he experienced, that he could nearly make up a year out of the extraordinary alone. The thing which probably kept him most from entire forgetfulness of the world was his custom of making a punch or so called "Bowle" on the occasion of certain festivals and the birthday of any of the family. Going down into the cellar, with a few bottles of white Rhine wine and "fruit of the season" he would prepare one of those beverages which leave a lasting remembrance on the taste.

One of the greatest treats was to hear him philosophize. On warm evenings in summer or spring a short stroll after

supper was the opportunity for lengthy and deep discussions on his part, and total acquiescence from his hearers. With the stars as an encouragement he launched forth into the deepest places of German philosophy. He was a student of Kant and Schopenhauer and indeed had a digest of the philosophy of both these sages. With quotations from this, a few facts in astronomy and an overpowering appreciation of all the wonders of nature, he grew eloquent over the absurdity of others' opinions and in many cases of having any opinions at all.

As the memory of this old friend comes back to me together with the many pleasant hours spent in his company, he appears the very embodiment of Germany itself. His character taken as a whole possesses all the peculiarities of his country, the cultured but somewhat rough nature being typical of both. The simple ways and philosophy characteristic of Germany, and the sensitiveness, calmness, decision found in our old gentleman reflect into each other until we can with difficulty distinguish between the country and the man. I can see him now, waving *adieu* as the train draws slowly out of the station, and I often wonder how long he stood there after losing sight of the last car.

R. S. B.

MEMORABILIA YALENSIA.

College Conference.

The thirty-sixth annual meeting of New England colleges was held at Williamstown, November 3 and 4; Yale was represented by President Dwight and Professor Morris.

University Orchestra.

The Yale Orchestra organized November 3, and elected the following officers: President, B. E. Leavitt, '93; Secretary and Treasurer, E. B. Lyman; Director, W. T. Denniston.

Inter-class Foot-ball.

The inter-class championship was won by '93, who defeated '96, 20-0.

Championship Foot-ball Games.

The first championship game was played at the Field, November 5; Yale beat Wesleyan, 72 to 0.

The second championship game was played at Manhattan Field, November 12; Yale defeated U. of P., 28 to 0.

The third championship game was played at Springfield, November 19; Yale defeated Harvard 6-0. The teams played as follows:

Yale.	Position.	Harvard.
Hinkey,	Left end, right,	Hallowell.
Winter,	Left tackle, right,	Newell.
McCrea,	Left guard, right,	Mackie.
Stillman,	Center	Waters.
		Shea.
Hickok,	Right guard, left,	{ Upton.
		{ Mason.
Wallis,	Right tackle, left,	{ Emmons.
Greenway,	Right end, left,	{ Mason.
McCormick,	Quarter-back,	Trafford.
C. Bliss,	R. half-back,	Lake.
L. Bliss,	L. half-back,	Gray.
Butterworth,	Full-back,	Brewer.

Referee, Mr. Moffatt, Princeton. Umpire, Mr. Coffin, Wesleyan.

The fourth championship game was played November 24 at Manhattan Field; Yale defeated Princeton, 12-0.

The teams played as follows:

Yale.	Position.	Princeton.
Hinkey,	Left end, right,	Trenchard.
Winter,	Left tackle, right,	Harold.
McCrea,	Left guard, right,	Hall.
Stillman,	Center,	Balliet.
Hickok,	Right guard, left,	Wheeler.
Wallis,	Right tackle, left,	Lea.
Greenway,	Right end, left,	Randolph.
McCormick,	Quarter-back,	King.
L. Bliss, }	L. half-back,	Poe.
Graves, }		
C. Bliss,	R. half-back,	Morse.
Butterworth,	Full-back,	Homans.

Referee, Mr. Brooks, Harvard. Umpire, Mr. Coffin, Wesleyan.

BOOK NOTICES.

In the hurry and bustle of modern society, an account of the doings of our ancestors in good old colonial times is like a breath of air from the hills. We never tire of the Aldens, William Bradford, Standish, John Carver, and these, with other characters, Jane Austin has woven into her collection of colonial stories,* most of which are founded strictly upon fact. In her preface the author takes particular pains to correct a "sturdy popular error," namely, that Gov. Carver left children, and that one of them, Elizabeth, married John Howland, the Mayflower Pilgrim. Notwithstanding the evidence of the stone upon Burying Hill, in Plymouth, erected about forty years ago, which declares that Howland married the daughter of Gov. Carver, the truth of the matter appears to be that Gov. Carver and his wife "died within three months of landing, leaving no children, nor is there any reason to suppose that they ever had any." Those who have proudly claimed descent from Gov. Carver may not thank the author for her historical accuracy, but at least they may read her stories with interest.

"Barbara Standish" is a tale of the wooing of the gruff warrior Myles, who is conquered at last when he least expects it. "William Bradford's Love Life," "The Last of the Proud Pulsifers," and "The Freight of the Schooner Dolphin," are some of the others. In "Witch Hazel" there is more romance than the rest possess. Philip, the son of proud Captain Randall, against his father's will marries the pretty daughter of Bathsheba Hazel, who, it is whispered about, is a witch, although it is fifty years since those persecuted wretches were hanged at Salem, and the spirit of the times has changed. Captain Randall disinherits his son, and in turn is cursed by "Goody" Hazel, who was once in love with him. The captain is overtaken by death even as the curse falls upon him, but Witch Hazel lives for many melancholy days bereft of reason. However, "the shadow of this great mystery, shame and sorrow was lifted at last from the lives of Philip and Bethiah Randall; and as the years rolled on, and children clustered about their knees, and men spoke well of him, and the matrons made honorable place for her among them, the old story passed into the dim and almost forgotten memories of the past, and the happy present filled all the scene."

In general, these stories—though of only moderate length, most of them having been printed in various magazines—cast an interesting light upon life in colonial times, and are well written withal. The reader, however, is likely to be somewhat disappointed because there is not more to them. The beginnings promise better endings; the author seems to have relaxed a little her hold upon the plot as the story draws to a close. Occasionally the conversation becomes rather stilted, and is more bookish than natural. Yet, on the whole, these tales are entertaining sketches of colonial days, with pages well stocked with the wealth of romance which characterized those stirring times.

* *David Alden's Daughter, and Other Stories of Colonial Times.* By Jane G. Austin, author of "Standish of Standish," "Betty Alden," etc. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

It may be thought that old fashioned gardens and the fair ladies who are the presiding genius thereof, have served their turn as literary background. But the dedication of the story, *By Subtle Fragrance Held*,* shows that the garden and beautiful lady of its pages have been suggested by the life of a friend. In fact, they are used, not as a descriptive episode, but as a center about which the events of the story in some measure revolve. It is the history of a young girl, beautiful, successful and independent, who becomes blasé in the conventional way and finally spends one summer in the country with her aunt, who is the Fair Spirit of an old fashioned garden, which she calls her "sanctuary." Through the rest of her story, which is one of European experience and admiration of men, the girl is, as it were, held by the "Subtle Fragrance" of this summer's experience, until at the end, after having, in some mythical way, lost her property, she returns and marries the stepson of "Lady of the Garden."

The most successful things in the story are the descriptions of the Prentiss estate and mansion, and of the garden and its Lady. They are full of touches of sentiment and do breathe a sort of fragrance through part of the story, for in part of it they are forgotten. The picture of the Lady, Lydia Harlowe, is perhaps a little vague and rather impossibly ideal, yet with some suggestions of the real person from whom the writer took the idea of her story, these passages show a very pretty and true appreciation of flowers and their characters; as when she calls a row of great gladioli, in their uniforms of scarlet and gold, her soldiers. The other inhabitant of the Prentiss estate, and the fortunate one of the three knights who are in quest of the hand of the heroine, Mr. Prentiss Harlowe, is very clearly drawn, and is evidently the writer's ideal of all manly virtue; he certainly makes his proposal in an ingenious and highly improbable manner. The picture of Howard Jones, the society man, is perhaps too common to leave much of an impression. What is really well done in the history of the young girl's love affairs, is the way in which she is attracted in each man by some trait, or even look or tone of voice, which seems to her to be like her old friend of the Prentiss estate.

Barbara Dering† is a sequel to the *Quick or the Dead*, and he who has read the one knows about what he will find in the other. John Dering, or "Jock," as he is more often called, is finally triumphant in his wooing, and marries Barbara, the widow of his cousin Val. The plot, what little there is, centers about the marriage, and the remainder of the book is a chronicle of domestic bliss and bitterness, with apparently a little more bitterness than bliss. Dering is not quite romantic and sentimental enough to be in complete sympathy with his wife, while she is too ready to weigh him silently in the balance with her former husband—whom he resembles in everything but disposition—and find him wanting. Indeed, Jock is rather

* *By Subtle Fragrance Held.* By Mary Fletcher Stevens. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

† *Barbara Dering*, a sequel to the "Quick or the Dead." By Amélie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$1.25.

handicapped by having had no previous experience in marriage, and cannot therefore meet his wife on equal ground.

"Where there's a will there's a way," but where there are two wills the way is not so plain, and Jock and Barbara seem to have trouble in finding it. A long rehearsal of the faults and tiffs of husband and wife is rather dreary to the ordinary reader; he is not interested to know how many times they quarreled, nor how many times they kissed in making up. There is too much effusiveness about the expressions of love, too near an approach to the "gush" of the cheap novel. The author seems to forget that true love is better proven by a little self-sacrifice and a little tribulation than by many kisses and many phrases of endearment. The monotony of dialogue and description is varied by introducing Mr. and Mrs. Barnsby, but the same theme is harped upon here. Domestic bliss is not found within the walks of the Barnsby domicile, and a skeleton is rattling around in one of the Barnsby closets. The other personages are lesser lights in this drama of love.

One cannot help feeling sorry for Barbara. To be sure, her love-making is a little peculiar, but her ideals are lofty and Dering is certainly heartless at times, especially when he runs off on a shooting trip and leaves his wife and baby daughter behind, after referring to the child as a "little brat." He returns, however, like the passionate lover he is, to ask forgiveness and start again. Here the author leaves them,—“With hands clasped and cheeks together they watched the dull rose-hued edge of the rising moon peer above the violet band of the horizon. In their hearts was that deep stillness which comes with hope that has outlived despair.”

Amélie Rives excels in her descriptions, which are always vivid and often overdrawn. Her skies are studded, not with stars, but with fire-balls; her autumn day is a "gray globe of whirling wind,"—with Amélie Rives it never rains but it pours. It is this unusual and startling way of putting things which may be familiar enough in their ordinary clothing, that makes her books readable. One is more amused than pleased by *Barbara Dering*. It is apparently intended to be more or less a treatise on the oft-provoked question—Is marriage a failure?—but does not solve the problem. It rather leaves the reader to find this out for himself, which perhaps after all is the best advice. The every day world has hardly been taught a moral lesson, nor has the world of literature been enriched by the advent of *Barbara Dering*.

The last writings of a favorite author, the last edition of his works, or, it may be, a posthumous publication, are received as the author's final legacy and treasured accordingly. If it be possible to increase the love and reverence in which the memory of the poet Whittier is held by the American people—who were his friends as well as his readers—his last poems, published under the title of *At Sundown*,* will serve that end. No more appropriate title could be chosen; these poems were most of them written very near to the sundown of the poet's life, and are filled with a calmness and a sweetness of reflection which inspired thoughts not darkened by

* *At Sundown*. By John Greenleaf Whittier, with designs by E. N. Garrett. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.

any melancholy forebodings over the approaching shadows. Whittier's weight of years was not a burden to him, but rather a source of quiet contentment. He says in "An Outdoor Reception"—

"I keep in age as in my prime,
A not uncheerful step with time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see,—
That God is good sufficeth me."

Other poems in this collection are "Christmas of 1888," "The Captain's Well," "To Oliver Wendell Holmes," "Burning Drift Wood." There is a touch of sadness running through many of the poems, which is as beautiful as the poet's life was beautiful, and is not inconsistent with a spirit of willingness to meet death. Perhaps no words of Whittier better sound the thought of his closing days than the last two stanzas of "Burning Drift Wood"—

"I know the solemn monotone
Of waters calling unto me;
I know from whence the airs have blown
That whisper of the Eternal Sea.

As low my fires of drift-wood burn
I hear the sea's deep sounds increase,
And, fair in sunset light, discern
Its mirage-lifted Isles of Peace."

At Sundown was privately published in a smaller edition in 1890, for Whittier's personal friends, but, owing to a persistent demand, it has lately been produced, with additions, in its present form. It is daintily bound in white and gilt covers, with nine delicate illustrations by E. N. Garrett.

Among the new text books published by the American Book Company is *American Mental Arithmetic*, by M. A. Bailey, A. M., Professor of Mathematics in the Kansas State Normal School. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago. American Book Co. Price, 35 cents.

The contemporary tendency in literary form has certainly set strongly towards extreme brevity. The novel is pushed aside by the short story, because busy men must have something short to read. It seems as if finally the superlative of literary excellence will be the telegram. We are fairly deluged now with slight sketches, "pastels," "vignettes," by whatever name you call them; and Mr. Albee's *Prose Idyls** is an individual of this ever increasing family. An idyl is strictly the reproduction, in a sympathetic and artistic form, of some single mood of feeling. But while this sort of writing demands the extreme of literary taste and skill, it seems to be attempted now by the most inexperienced of writers. The apprentice can

* *Prose Idyls*. By John Albee. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Cambridge: The Riverside Press. Price, \$1.25.

imitate the work of Guy de Maupassant. The result is naturally startling. Mr. Albee has certainly not the style suited to this particular literary form. Instead of being clear and delicate, his manner is most peculiarly confused and difficult, at times germanic in its obscurity. What place has the following sentence in a "prose idyl?" "Bordered with the finest Mechlin lace, which a fair Fleming wrought, bending over her cushion for three years, and with a centre of lawn tenuous as woven wind, the queen, darling of all courts, having a hundred lovers at her feet, lifts the dainty fabric to her eyes and moistens it with six tears." In the midst of the parentheses and ablative-absolutes of this remarkable sentence, one is puzzled to know whether it is the queen, the fair Fleming, or the dainty fabric that is bordered with Mechlin lace, and loses sight of the poetical picture of the said queen moistening said handkerchief with the pathetic number of "six tears."

It is indeed unfair to quote a rather exaggerated example, but delicacy of taste shown in the style is what constitutes the real charm of a successful "prose idyl." Some of the moods of feeling of which the delineation is attempted in these idyls, are chosen with considerable appreciation. But, for the most part, they are rather commonplace in selection and treatment. The book is a good example of the evil of the present tendency, attractive and tasteful in appearance and literary form, it is really of an extremely slight and tenuous character, an instance of how an essentially good literary form may be fairly run into the ground.

The Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities,* by Wm. S. Walsh, is more than a compendium of practical quotations; it contains literary allusions and references, and is somewhat of a dictionary of slang, though slang can scarcely be called literary even as a curiosity. All sorts and conditions of information are found here, from explanations of the term "heeler," as a ward politician regards it, and a dissertation on "Where did you get that hat?" to elaborate treatises on Bibliomania and Cryptograms. Some of the longer articles are on Bookplates and Binding, Acrostics, Anagrams, Bulls, Irish and not Irish; Dedications, Epitaphs, Lost Treasures of Literature, Rhymes, Palindrome, etc.

The author confesses "that in so large a field as is afforded by the curiosities of literature, the embarrassment has been mainly that of riches. No single volume, nor a dozen volumes of this size, could exhaust the material." However, he has succeeded in filling one good sized volume with very useful information. The book is made easy of reference by an alphabetical arrangement of subjects, with a complete index at the end.

Short story writing has become such a fine art that the standard should be at present rather high, and the public ought to be growing somewhat fastidious. Consequently, this sort of writing must be judged more critically in these days than it was judged several years since. In the highest class

* *Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities*. By Wm. S. Walsh, author of "Faust: Poem and the Legend," "Paradoxes of a Philistine," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, \$3.50.

of short stories to-day, we cannot place the *Tales of a Garrison Town*,* though many of them are decidedly interesting and amusing. On the whole they are plain, unvarnished, stolidly English tales, with hardly any touches of Gallic taste and art that creates the chief attractiveness of this form of literature.

The stories treat of the humorous, the pathetic, the weird and also of the society life of Halifax, the feminine side of which society must, according to this authority, vacillate between adventuresses and prim old Church of England ladies. Army life is largely introduced, as the title implies, and the characters consist chiefly of spendthrift young officers, rich girls whom the officers are trying to marry for their money, high and low church clergymen, the aforementioned adventuresses and old ladies, and Irish soldiers. What pathos there is, is rarely genuine, consequently often absurd, and never gracefully treated. One of the best stories closes when the chief character suddenly falls dead, with no apparent reason, over the coffin of his friend, and the narrative ends with the words: "Mixer had gone to join Moors and Bessie in the Great Beyond." Such a sentence, though of course a very small point, verges more toward the dime novel than toward good literature. The effect of such a sentence at the close of a story is very apt to destroy anything good that may have come before. We do not attach so much importance to this quotation as a single instance, but as an example of what often occurs in the book.

In the literature of the day, the young woman who is wedded to her art and is an enthusiast on the subject of Platonic friendship, is somewhat too often furnished for our inspection and study; but in *Winterborough*† her charming disguise is more than sufficient excuse for her reappearance. She is literary, though bright, vivacious, clever and unaffected: strong-willed, independent and utterly incapable of observing the conventionalities in her likes and dislikes, though affectionate, tender and loyal—in short, an extremely attractive bundle of pleasing contradictions. Her character of course forms the one strong point of the story—and this singleness of effort in description shows the clever touch of the author—and it gains an added emphasis from the colorlessness of the men and women who form the background. The scene, a typical New England village, is fitted with the same threadbare stage accessories which have done duty for hundreds of similar performances,—neither intricate plot nor unusual incident hide the main purpose of the story; and the details, lightly though carefully sketched, are of value simply to elaborate the picture of the heroine.

Assistant Professor Gruener, who is well known to all of us, has just issued, through Ginn & Co., an edition of Gottfried Keller's *Dietegen*,‡ with

* *Tales of a Garrison Town.* By Arthur Wentworth Eaton and Craven Langsteath Betts. New York and St. Paul. D. D. Merrill Company, 1892.

† *Winterborough.* By Eliza Orne White. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

‡ *Dietegen.* Novelle von Gottfried Keller, with introduction and notes by Gustav Gruener. Boston: Ginn & Co.

introduction and notes by himself. Those who have studied under Mr. Gruener need not be told that the notes are clear and happy in phrasing and indicate a careful study of the novel to which they are appended. In typography and binding the book is attractive and serviceable.

RECEIVED.

Thoughts of Busy Girls. "Written by a group of girls who have little time for study, and yet who find much time for thinking." Edited by Grace N. Dodge and dedicated to the "many girls who are co-laborers in factory, shop, office and home." New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

Short Stories About Animals. By Gertrude Sellon. Illustrated in black and white by W. Weekes. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

Best Dressed Man. A Gossip on Manners and Modes. London: I. W. Store, 25 Conduit Street, W. Boston: J. G. Cupples Co.

A Family Likeness. A Sketch in the Himalayas. By B. M. Croker, author of "Two Masters," "Interference," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, 50 cents.

Corinthia Marazion. By Cecil Griffith (Mrs. S. Beckett), author of "Victory Dean," "Nor Love, Nor Lands," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. Price, 50 cents.

TO BE REVIEWED.

The Old English Dramatists. By James Russell Lowell. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.

Love Songs of Robert Burns. Selected by Sir George Douglas, Bart., with an introduction and notes. Cameo series. New York: Cassell Pub. Co.

Under Summer Skies. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co. Price, \$1.00.

 EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Editor's Table is covered with a certain species of light literature which passes under the various surnames of "Pastels in Prose," sketches, and the like. This sort of thing is eminently the literary fashion now, which is to run its course and finally be buried in the dust of years, to be disturbed only by the most ingeniously curious. For what interest is there in a dead literary fashion. Its aim, if aim it has, is to be light, delicate, and easily digestible, to give one the feeling that it has all been thrown off easily in offhand manner, the expression of some passing mood or fancy; and the objects of its worship are Guy de Maupassant, Viellemontel and their peers. But, while in the hands of these masters of the craft it was successful, in lesser hands it is the most fragile and careless sort of writing. This spirit of carelessness, this notion that the writing should appear to have cost no

effort of thought is prominent in all college magazines. The notion of reclining in an easy chair and evolving literary creations by fire light is agreeable, but disastrous. Don't be afraid of hard thinking because it is old fashioned, For old fashioned it certainly is. Meditation has lost its meaning of systematic thought and is confused with the degenerate modern reverie. We are too busy, too little fond of seriousness for anything of the sort now. It belongs to the days of Cotton Mather, Michael Wigglesworth and their Puritan forefathers, to the age of powdered wigs, sedan chairs and stage coaches. Of his journey from New Haven to New York, Jonathan Edwards writes: "This journey I made in two days by coach, having much time for pleasant meditation by the way." And this meant systematic thinking on serene subjects such as the "Glory of God" and the "Means of Salvation." It certainly savors not of the pipe and the fireside but often straight backed chair and plain deal table. And there should be something of this spirit in all good work of any kind.

I often fancy that it is this power which makes the faces in portraits of ancient worthies so impressive. There is no escaping their serious eyes which follow you to every corner; they look down from an almost Olympian calm as if absorbed in a certain light meditation. The same expression would be ridiculous on the face of a modern banker. In an idealizing mood we may fancy meditation as an elderly gentleman, "sober, steadfast and severe," clad in decent and scholarly black in the fashion of times gone by, walking slowly in some old garden; a garden where one finds a sun-dial, and urns with lugubrious mottoes from Horace and Martial, where a shrine to a Dryad meets one at the turn of a corner and a grotto like Shenstone's. We see him disappear slowly down the smooth box-rimmed path, finally he is lost to sight behind an old yew. And what modern character has come forward to assume his place? Shall we say it is Reverie, fair maiden with dreamy eyes and cool flowing garments; or some stout genius of loafing whose thoughts vanish in puffs of smoke. At all events he is missed, and the truth of the good and ancient adage, "easy writing makes cursed hard reading" is plain. It is as sure as Newton's laws that writing shall exactly reflect the thought which has been spent upon it. Which great principle must surely in time vindicate itself and destroy the present fashionable sort of careless wandering writing.

The departments of the exchanges which are devoted to short pieces are full of this cheap sort of work this month. The stories too are nearly all of this style with the exception of a very good one in the *Harvard Monthly* "The Awakening of Hargrave." This same magazine has a suggestive and rather original literary article, entitled "Notes on Keats." About half of the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is made up of contributions of serial articles which seems a very unsatisfactory form of literature. There are two good stories, "A Morning at Sermione," and "The Withrow Water Right," and a lurid article, on "Chocorua at night." We have looked through the exchanges in vain to find poetry, for there is scarcely any published this month. The Election and the Football seasons are not very poetical topics. The following is part of a long poem in the *Harvard Monthly*.

THE SIRENS' ISLE.

A dull, a dreary afternoon,
 The wind blew on their lee,
 And the island lay like a mist of gray
 Upon the tender sea.

A dull, a heavy afternoon,
 And near and near they came,
 Till the Sirens' isle lay like a smile
 Upon a sea of flame.

And all too soon, borne by the wind,
 There came a lovely strain
 That seemed to heal what each did feel
 Of sorrow, woe or pain.

And near and near the fated ship
 Moved slowly with the tide,
 Nor any oar behind, before,
 Strove from her sloping side.

And near and near and nearer yet,—
 She beats upon the strand.
 Push as they may, all night, all day,
 She founders on the sand.

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And soft and sweet as a fairy bell
 Rings out the Sirens' song,
 O'er hill and dell the echoes swell,
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SONNET.

The wind is sadly sighing round us now,
 It seems to say, "O leaves, prepare ye all
 To change your brightness for a funeral pall;"
 Before the cold wind's breath our forms we bow.
 When lovely Spring our color did endow,
 We did not think, responsive to his call,
 That we should gladly welcome this our fall,
 And make a faded wreath for Earth's cold brow,
 Thus in a measure pay the debt we owe.
 And so we flutter faintly to the wind,
 And beg of him he will not pass us by,
 But waft us downward to the earth below,
 Nor leave us here on cheerless boughs behind
 Our kin, whose forms in winter quiet lie.

—*Cornell Magazine.*

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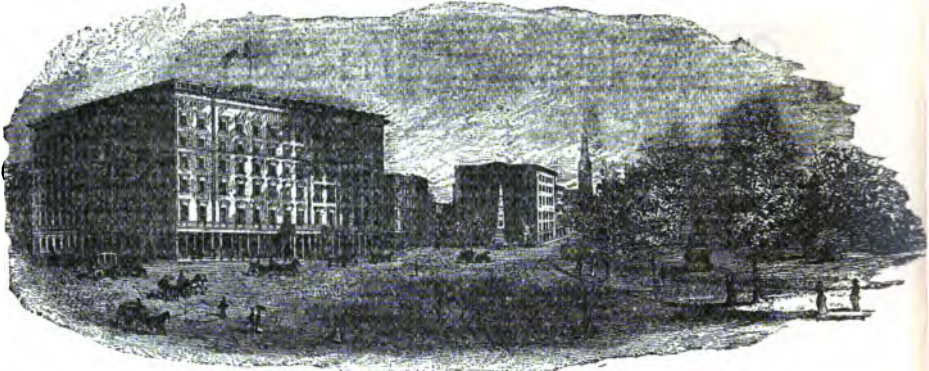
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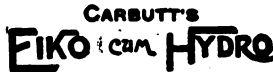
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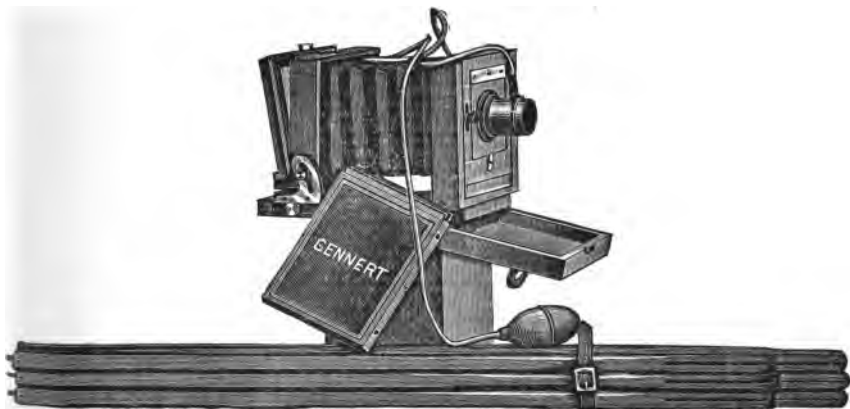
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